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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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FOR
The Huntingdon Journal.

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POETRY.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

I met a lily in the vale,
Just open'd to the morning gale,
And so I stopp'd to gaze;
And thou art beautiful, I said,—
That lily did not hide its head,
But freely forth its odors shed,
To pay me for my praise.

But, Ellen, there's a lovelier thing
Than lily, rose, or mountain spring,
And yet it wakes my fears
For when I praise, behold it frowns!
And when I'd clasp, away it bounds!
And when I'd kneel and kiss it—zounds!
I get a slap upon my ears!

P. G. S.

Mill Creek, July 29, 1841.

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

I knew they would perish!—
Those beautiful flowers!—
As the hopes that we cherish
In youth's sunny bowers—
I knew they'd be faded!—
Though with fond, gentle care
Their bright leaves were shaded,
Decay was still there.

So all that is brightest
Ever first fades away,
And the joys that leap lightest
The earliest decay.
The heart that was nearest
The widest will rove,
And the friend that was dearest
The first cease to love.

And the purest, the noblest,
The loveliest—we know—
Are ever the surest,
The soonest, to go.
The bird that sings sweetest,
The flower most pure,
In their beauty are fleetest,
In their fate the most sure.

Yet still though thy flowers
Are withered and gone,
They will live like some hours
In memory alone.
In that hallow'd shrine only
Sleep things we would cherish,
Pure, priceless, loved, lonely,
They never can perish.

Then I'll mourn ye no more
Ye pale leaves that are shed,
Though your brightness is o'er,
Your perfume is not fled;
And like thine own *aroma*—
The spirit of flowers—
Remembrance will hover
O'er the grave of past hours.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE WIDOW.

There sits a mourner, solitary now,
With downcast eyes, and pale dejected brow.
Cold is the pillow where she laid her head,
When last they sat beneath their favorite shade—
Hushed is the voice, which ever to her own
Answered in tones of tenderness alone.
Stilled are the merry notes of childish glee,
And she is left—of all that family!
She looks abroad—and sees no welcome smile
No cheerful sounds her weary hours beguile,
She looks within—and all is mute despair,
She looks to Heaven; oh! joy! her all is there.

INTEMPERANCE.

On looking round, we discovered the regular smoothness of the horizon, broken by a large ensign displayed from the top of an adjacent building; and as the morning was distinguished by a smart southern breeze, the flag was flapping wide into the air, shaking out a thousand folds, and seeming to rejoice in its elevation, and to give a ken of hilarity beneath.

It might, for ought we knew, have been a saint's day, whose fame was connected with the craftship below, and the pride of the profession was engaged to honor his day. Partaking little in such feelings, we let the colors wave, without further notice; nor would they have occupied our thoughts again, had we not, in passing the building about noon, observed that the sober quiet of business was set aside by the noise of feasting and mirth; and if we felt astonished in the morning, at the out-hanging of a flag, much more were we surprised that the right forward course of business should be checked in mid day, the sober livery of mechanic employment doffed for the guise of merriment; and this at 'neither new moon nor appointed time.' Shortly afterwards, we discovered a lad emerging from the door; his very countenance betokened a holiday; there was no necessity for his cleanly habits to give notice of a cessation from employment.

'And what, my child,' said we, 'is the mirth-doing in the rooms above stairs? Why have you hoisted your colors to day?' The boy stopped short in his errand, and whether it was the sombre hue of our garments, contrasting the sickly paleness of the visage, or whether mirth is allied to melancholy, we pretend not to say; but a transient gloom shot across his youthful visage, and the lambent fire of his eye was for a moment dimmed.

We would not, though melancholy be our food, we would not be the cause of a moment's pain in 'human breast,' though it should ease us forever from our load—God forbid. If misfortune hath mingled sorrow and disappointment in our cup, why should we, vampire like, draw forth the life blood of another's pleasure, or fling around us, like the fabled Upas of the east, a withering and a deadly shadow? We renewed our questions to the lad. The light cloud had passed away from his face, and joy was again peeping from under his eyelids. Does your master give a feast to-day? 'No,' replied he, ''tis William.'

And who is William?

'Why, *our* William,' replied the boy—'William P——.'

And why does William leave business to give a feast?

'Oh! William is one and twenty to-day, you know, and this is his freedom treat.'

We knew no such thing, until the little urchin told us; but we could not find it in our heart to profess ignorance of what he appeared to think every body knew; so, thanking the child and bidding him good morning, we suffered him to proceed. We did not offer him money as a compensation for detention—for what would have been the whole contents of our collapsing purse, to the overflowing treasures of his festive heart?—the pockets of Timon to the hoards of Cresus.

Instead of pursuing our course, as business suggested, we stepped across the street, and leaning against the salient points of a door frame, gazed in upon the festive scene as far as its height would permit. There were assembled a large number of young men of William's age, and here and there the thinly covered head of an individual, denoted that years had not made its possessor forget the feelings of youth. Numbers of the joyous crowd passed and repassed the windows, open to the floor; every face gave token of enjoyment. As group after group came and went, we looked anxiously for the form of William. At length he stood full in our view; we had never seen him before; yet there was no difficulty in distinguishing him from the many of his own age around him. They *all* talked, but *his* conversation seemed to be confined to the scene around him. The movements of *all* were light and active, such as became their age and settled health; *his* steps were buoyant, and occasionally rapid; the others ate and drank; he was active, but neither food nor the cup was in his hand. He made the circuit of the room repeatedly, and once as he approached the window, those who accompanied him, turned short towards the table, and William stepped forward;—he stood then alone, full in our view. Why it was that we felt a peculiar interest in him, we know not; though his were a form and countenance to arrest attention. The muscular firmness of his frame, gave no awkwardness to his movements or appearance; and there was in his features something that denoted superiority in almost every pursuit to which business or inclination might direct him; and if the thickness of his neck had not imparted something peculiar, Canova himself would have taken his bust as a model for an Apollo.

"Strength and fair proportion sat upon his limbs."

While these reflections were passing through our mind, the smile banished from the lip of William, and the soft gladness of the eye faded away; a cloud of more than melancholy rested upon his face—it was almost anguish. We watched the movements of his eyes—he did not lower them; he gazed, but with an elevated look;—he was thinking of years to come. Hitherto, amid the crowd of friends, he had only felt that the chain of dependence was broken. One *single* solitary moment, had brought with its thought of independence, a care for its support. The fluctuation of times, and the consequent changes of business, might snatch from him the means of maintenance, and make him sigh for the labor which had hitherto been a burthen. But the cloud, deep and dark as it settled upon him, soon passed off, and hope and gladness beamed again upon his face; for what has health and youth to do with sombre anticipations? Experience will settle the early furrow upon the brow, and scatter the untimely frost upon the head. Why should youth anticipate 'the evil days.'

Sometime afterwards we saw William, the soul of the social board; he had a fund of anecdotes and a soul of song. He was therefore, more than welcome to all celebrations.

* * * * * *

Returning some two or three weeks since from a walk into the borders of the city, we followed a few mourners into a burying place, and before the limited procession had gathered round 'the narrow house,' we enquired the name of the deceased—it was William. His very name, and the thinness of the procession told the whole tale; his gaiety of habit, his companionship, his delight in mirth and his power of diffusing it, had led him to company, to a neglect of business, to dissipation; the inebriating chalice, 'whose ingredient is the devil,' had prostrated the powers of the young man, and brought him to an early grave; but not till he had planted thorns, for whose rankling neither time nor joy hath a balm.

We drew up into the circle that had the deep grave and the coffin for its centre.—The aged mother was resting on the arm of a distant relation, we saw not her face, her whole frame was palsied with grief, and her form was bowed down as her spirit had long been.

The greyheaded minister commenced the simple 'service of the dead,' with an address, composed chiefly of admonitions to the living; here and there a sentence of consolation to the afflicted was thrown in, but the memory of him who lay stretched in his shroud and coffin before them, needed no blessing.

Our blessed religion furnishes its comfort to the smitten and crushed from stores of hopes in future blessings, and in the consolation that present affection shall work out an 'exceeding weight of glory;' but it gives no right to embalm the unrighteous, with commendations for virtues, which if they did not *despise*, they had not courage to practice. When the officiating clergymen with thhe freedom which his sacred office, and his many years sanctioned, admonished the young around him, by the early grave before them, to avoid the errors which opened it, and which broke the widowed heart of a doating mother, the histeric sobs of the wretched parent drew all attention from the speaker. The grief stricken woman, no longer covered her visage, or stifled the expression of her grief. From the hour she saw life steal off from the convulsed lip of her only son, she gave herself up to lamentation. When they laid him in the coffin she attempted to school her heart to that quiet woe, which the open grave & its imposing solemnities demand. She heard in silence the holy man denounce sin as the parent of death, and death as the lot of all on earth, she felt that it had now no terrors for her; since it had laid so low the stay of her earthly hopes—but, when, even confined, her son had no virtues praised, when, as he lay before her, in the cold unoffending silence of death, his errors were made a beacon, a mother's feelings were not to be restrained—her affections looked beyond the few months of his offending career—she called up the virtues of his boyhood, those blossoming promises of manly excellence—she brought close to her heart the kind obedience the willing sacrifice of her darling—she remembered and when did a mother ever forget; the blooming beauty of her boy, the light eye, the shining forehead, and its over clustering curls—these come gushing upon her memory; and he lay now stretched out upon the earth, a festering, and offensive corpse, and even the blessings of funeral praise denied.

The address was abruptly closed—and prayer commenced, it calmed down the turbulent grief of the mother, and sighs succeeded to wailings. When man speaks to man of errors, and their consequence, he mocks his maker if he paliates the crime; but when he turns from earth, and carries up the offences and the grief to the foot of mercy. It is good then, that the consecrated intercessor plead the weakness of the erring mortal, and the long suffering of an indignant providence, and if the smitten object of his prayers is bowing down beside him in anguish, waiting till the gush of grief shall have passed off that resignation may have place—mercy pardon and the leading comforts of life, demanded—they were, and we gazed full in the face of the mother, which had lately been moistened with tears and distorted with clamorous grief—it was calm, placid as the countenance of sleeping infancy.—As we were looking upon the mother, a sigh on the right drew our attention. The spectators of the scene, were generally giving that heed which such times and such occasions demand, but the sadness of their countenance showed them rather sympathetic than suffering mourners. One individual hower formed an exception: it was a young female, neatly and modestly clad; her appearance was such as to rivit our attention; she was gazing on the coffin as it rested before her, with painful intensity:—her shy visage was not marked with a single tinge of colour, and her inflamed eye yielded no drop of moisture—there was a tremulous motion on her lip, but in all else, she stood a fixed statute of despair.

When the service had ended, they laid the coffin upon the slender cords and lowered it slow and rattling down into the narrow cave—a gush of agony burst from the mothers heart, she leaned over the grave and sprinkled the coffin of her William with her tears.

Not a tear however sprung to the eye of the young female—the tremulous movement of her lips was increased, and she swallowed with strong exertions. The agonies of another moment would have been too powerful for her frame—but, the little procession was formed anew and passed out of the yard.

What we had taken in the grave yard as comfort and confidence in the mother, was the result of other sensations. She submitted to the rod—she bowed down her *heart* to providence, but she felt that its vital strings had been severed, and its thick cold throbbings would soon be hushed. That heart did indeed beat slowly; and while the wheel of life trembled in its round, poor Mary—she whom we had noticed at the grave—bent over the bed in pious devotion, watched the wasting away of life, and in three short days, felt the only thread severed that bound her to earth.

The recent grave of the mother is yet unsodded; and Mary—blighted hopes, slighted love, and the inwasting fire of woman's pride, are leading her with a rapid course, to the only shelter which earth has for her miseries, and the only avenue to promised consolations. She is sinking hourly, and a few days will number her with the countless victims sacrificed by beastly appetites to the Moloch of INTEMPERANCE.

Huntingdon, August 4th, 1841.

Mr. J. SEWELL STEWART:

Sir,—As the Committee appointed for the purpose, we respectfully solicit you to furnish, for publication, a copy of your excellent address delivered before the Huntingdon Temperance Society, on the 3d inst.

With the sincere hope that you will not fail to gratify the wish of the Society, we remain respectfully yours, &c.

MICHAEL BUOY,
A. K. CORNYN, } *Committee.*
JOHN S. LYTLE,

Huntingdon, August 5th, 1841.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

Your polite note, requesting a copy of my address before the Huntingdon Temperance Society, has been received. If you think that its publication would tend, even in the least, to the advancement of the cause of Temperance, you may consider yourselves welcome to it.

I am, gentlemen,
Yours, with respect.
J. S. STEWART.

MICHAEL BUOY,
A. K. CORNYN, } *Committee.*
JOHN S. LYTLE,

ADDRESS,
Delivered before the Huntingdon Temperance Society.

To effect a reformation in either science, morals, or religion, has always been attended with the greatest difficulties.—The prejudices which are generally thrown around long established usages and customs, render them near and dear, when every reason upon which they were founded has ceased to exist. We cling to them with more than filial affection, little thinking that we are warming and resuscitating an adder in our bosoms, which sooner or later will dash its poisonous fangs into our vitals. It is this blindness, this perfect indifference, in regard to our coming welfare, that fastens the chains of prejudice upon us, and renders us incapable of examining the subject as it stands related to truth and right. If man would make his intellect his ruler, and require his passions to move in subordination to it; if he was to cultivate his moral powers, and endeavor to discover the line of demarkation between right and wrong, and act in accordance, we would soon see him assume a station of moral and intellectual sublimity, more nearly arguing with that Divine Being, to whom he sometimes feels proud to assimulate himself. But the passions and the interest of men, cloud their judgment, that they cannot see their own real interest, and the best good of the community.

These prejudices, with all their weight and authority, stood in the way of the temperance reformation. But the sway of reason, and the force of truth, have now partially at least triumphed over their formidable adversary. All that is now required, is that the advantage which has been already gained, should be pursued with a proper degree of activity, in order to secure those results which have been long wished for. Although the whiskey bottles in a majority of our private families have been emptied of their poisonous contents, and the bulk of public opinion exerting its influence against its use, there is still much to be done to bring about that absolute reformation, which is so essential to the temporal salvation of millions.

In order then to have a better understanding of the subject, let us inquire a little into the causes which impel men to run headlong into a vice, which has destroyed so many millions—has scattered such wide spread ruin and desolation over the fair face of creation, and blasted forever the brightest prospects of the aspiring mind. Let us endeavor to discover the reason why it is, that the moment one plunges into this hell of misery, another, as though he was charmed with the situation of his predecessor, eagerly follows in his footsteps.

If we go back to the original dispositions of the human mind, we will find one implanted there, denominated playfulness, or a susceptibility of the gay and pleasing. It is this faculty, which is in active exercise, when we are in what is called a flow of spirits; and it is this which throws a ray of cheerfulness around the otherwise surrounding melancholy, producing that equilibrium of feeling which is necessary to our well being and happiness. This cheerful disposition is always at work to find something to gratify it; and men will do almost any thing for the sake of a little fun. This is particularly the case in youth, when every power both of body and mind is on the advance. Their amusements then are both pleasant and innocent. But they are beginning to approach toward manhood, (a time when boys are peculiarly peculiar,) and they must therefore do as men do. Several of them get together, and take what is called a spree: they get intoxicated, not for the sake of the drinking, but for the sake of the fun. In a short time the same thing is acted again, with the same motions. Finally they get in the company of men, who have long since given to innocence the parting hand, and journeyed into a distant country of vice and wickedness, without even shedding a tear at the absence of the friend of their youth, and mingle with them in their vicious pleasures around the "flowing bowl." Here their taste becomes vitiated, and a bad habit formed, the foundation of which their own misdirected desire for pleasure laid in youth. Not only has he been led on thus far, but his mind has become somewhat corrupted, and he is absolutely governed by wrong notions. He begins to think that it is as noble and rational a source of pleasure and gratification as any other. He is now beginning to lose those noble feelings—that genuine pride of character, which should govern every man. Correct principles of thinking are one after another taking their departure from his mind, and he is about to cast himself within the circumference of a whirlpool, from which, immediate aid or active exertions on his own part can alone extricate him. He is loosing sight of his relations to himself and to his neighbor, and has forgotten that God is his ancestor. He never thinks that by using spiritous liquors, he thereby vitiates his natural taste, and acquires an artificial one, which is more difficult to destroy than the former. He forgets that custom begets habit, and that habit is a second nature, which once acquired, costs the highest amount of energy to overcome.

If the mind was stored with correct ideas, and right motives to govern it; if man would place in view some noble goal, and direct every effort toward it; he would never stoop so low as to be found frequenting the haunts of intemperance. His pride of character would conquer every such desire; and he would feel that he was made for a nobler purpose than to bring the high qualities of his soul to such a pass. This is the advantage then, of possessing right and honorable motives. Their possessor can stand above the faults and foibles of the world, and the appetites and passions of his own heart.

These then, are the great first causes which have produced such a number of intemperate drinkers, viz: a misdirected desire for pleasure, and the consequent acquisition of wrong motives of action. Habits of idleness, continual tippling, and other things which cannot now be foreseen, take in a few; but they are few in comparison with the thousands who fall by means of the great mental delusion mentioned first. These causes continually operating, drive him farther and farther in his vicious course, until the chains of habit have bound him hand and foot. He begins to see for the first time what he has been doing, he looks upon the multiplied horrors that surround him; he feels that he has proved recreant to the high trust that is reposed in him; and is it any wonder that his heart sinks beneath the load? But there is some hidden impetus in his soul, urging him on in his career, until all his social feelings are burned to a cinder; the moral covered with the mantel of guilt, and nothing left but the native barbarity of the heart.

Having thus given the causes, the process, and the course pursued in consequence of the habit, we come now to the effects which they are sure to produce. This opens out a field, should every nook and corner of which be exposed, would present a scene of wretchedness, misery and death, at the bare description of which the heart would sicken.

The baneful effects of intemperance, have been found wherever the foot of civilized man has trodden. Not contented that he himself should be its subject and victim, he must pour the poison into the mouth of the wild and untutored savage of the wilderness, who for ages, had no other stimulous than the pipe. These unsophisticated sons of nature, accepted the poison from the hand of the white-man, which stole the wisdom of the wise in council, unnerved the arm of the warrior in battle, and prostrated the wild chieftain of the mountain, ere the twang of his bow told him, that an arrow had lodged in the heart of his enemy.

Without speaking of the physical degradation to which intemperance subjects its victim; the diseases which it entails and fastens upon his system; or the thousands who for want of the power of locomotion, have perished in the snow drifts of winter; let us see how it effects the great, mental part of man, for which all things else were created. It is this that suffers the most, because a disease fastened here is as immortal as the soul.

From the social, moral and intellectual principles of the mind, spring every thing good and great. Whatever does not derive its existence from one of these, or all of them, is confined to and derived from a little contemptible thing called self. The intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, takes away, for the time, the healthy and vigorous operation of the former, and stimulates the latter, that is the selfish feelings; thereby giving them the ascendency, from which has arisen every vile action that has ever disgraced humanity. Look at the transcendant power, they exert over the intellectual part; tyranizing over it, and rendering it incapable of filling its place, or performing the office which, was intended when it was constituted by Omnipotence, to preside over, and direct the operations of the other great powers of the mind. This is amply illustrated in fact. There is no person when hearing a man under the influence of ardent spirits, converse, has not observed, that when he has gone probably half through a sentence, he either has forgotten what he intended to say, or has passed off to another subject, whereby uttering nothing but nonsense. Here he is speaking entirely from impulse, the discriminating power of his mind has been overcome. It is this that makes drunken men, such disagreeable companions; they have lost their reasoning faculty.

A sober man, looking on a company, by themselves in a spree, kicking and jumping through a room, and toasting the heavens with their lusty voices, might be brought to wonder at first, whether these men that he saw were men like himself, or a company of gentlemen spirits, from some hot country, out in search of fresh air. He concludes however, that they resemble the human species in some particulars, and accordingly ventures in among them. He takes a couple of swigs of the thing that makes glad, and his wonder is all gone. The steam's up; the joy's ahead and he can make as big a noise as any other man. The fun's on tiptoe, and the whole house shakes with vocal thunder. The loudest voice, the quickest heel, and the hardest head belongs to the best fellow. But in a short time the powers of nature give way, and they are one after another 'sunk down and deliciously beastified to the floor.'